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Providence Independent

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THE DOG DEMAGOGUE.

I am afraid that I was rather a frivolous girl before I married Robert Fadden, but I am very different now. Anyone would soon become serious who had the privilege of being much with Robert. For he is an ex-fellow of his college, and a professor in a great London institution, and his views are all advanced and earnest. He was worked out a great scheme for reconstructing society as soon as ever society will let him, though at present it does not care of being reconstructed very much. I believe there are several ways of remodeling our social system, but, as far as I have been able to follow it, Robert's is much the nicest of them all.

I am not clever at details, but the main points of his plan are to redistribute wealth by persuading (kindness if possible—not force), all the people who have property to give shares with those who have not; to stimulate trade and commerce by abolishing capital; and to give everybody a nice little farm all to himself, and let him do the best he can with it. Then he wants us to concentrate our empire by giving up every possession we might ever be called upon to fight for, which would enable us to do without a standing army, and put down the church and house of lords, and some other things I forget at this moment. Then we should all be happy and comfortable once more, and other nations would love us, and probably follow our good example.

I'm sure that all sounds simple enough, and yet there are times when Robert seems quite to despair of seeing it ever accomplished. Even this last extension of the franchise has not raised his hopes very much. "The fact is," he declares, "the bulk of the people, radical though they may call themselves, are at heart conservatives. They can not look at things from a cosmopolitan point of view; they haven't the courage for experiments on a large scale; they all have vested interests in some shape, and they distrust any change that may affect them. What we require is a class that will approach these questions without any personal bias whatever, and yet, at the same time, in a sufficiently enlightened and philosophical spirit."

But he could not find enough people of this sort to make a class, until one day, when I had been reading aloud to him about some recent experiments in teaching dogs to recognize the letters of the alphabet, and even combine them into words and sentences, he seemed suddenly inspired with a solution.

"I have it, Fridoline," he cried, "I have it—the key to the social problem; the new factor is found! The future saviors of this unhappy country will be its dogs; I am perfectly serious," he continued, launching into a lecture, as he has rather a habit of doing when excited. "Hitherto, although the sagacity, the almost human intelligence of the dog has never been denied, his imperfect powers of expression have not enabled him to do himself full justice. The barrier has begun to be removed, now that the first dog has learned to communicate his ideas in words. What one dog has done others can do. Nay; I do not despair of seeing all dogs in receipt of a free education from the state. And when that is effected, it will be an anomaly which every radical mind will abhor should those highly educated and intelligent animals be refused the franchise at a time when probably every woman would be in possession of this high privilege."

Canine suffrage will become a necessity. And what results may we not expect from this irruption of fresh, vigorous intelligence? For centuries our dogs have been watching the webs of our political Penelopes. It is impossible that they have done so without arriving at some general conclusions on the subject, and what those conclusions are we shall ere long be enabled to ascertain with accuracy.

"That their views will be of a leveling and generally Democratic tendency, I do not personally doubt for a moment; the long degradation of being compelled, as they have been, to subservise the selfish sports of a pampered aristocracy, must have enrolled them long since in the crusade against landed interests. They own no property, and can thus have little interest in defending it; they have no desire for military glory, and, therefore, no mischievous impulse of patriotism; no religious principles of any kind, and, consequently, are

free from any superstitious reverence for a state-protected church. But it may be necessary, Fridoline, notwithstanding, to prepare them for the high duties that will devolve upon them as citizens, so that, when the time arrives, they may vote as one dog on the side of progress.

"For they will prove in dexterous hands a tremendous political engine, and, well manipulated, might easily sway the balance at every polling booth in the kingdom. Think, too, of the impression that a demonstration of English dogs in Hyde Park on any question that was stirring the public mind would infallibly produce—tremendous, Fridoline, tremendous!"

"This only makes it the more vital, if you have followed me, that there should be no bungling in the matter, that the national dogs should be thoroughly and systematically indoctrinated with accurate (by which I mean to imply my own), views before our opponents have had time to perceive the full political importance of these early instances of canine education."

"I quite see that, dear," I said; "what I do not see is exactly how you are going to indoctrinate so many dogs."

"That is a question," said Robert, "to which I intend to devote some anxious consideration."

And, one day, not very long afterward, he came home with a face positively beaming—why, I did not at first understand, for he was being followed by the queerest looking dog I ever saw. He was of no particular breed, but seemed compounded of the worst points of the common mongrels; he was shaggy at irregular intervals, and bare where a dog of any self-respect would have been hairy; he had pink eyes and piebald nose, and his tail appeared to live underneath him.

Imagine my surprise, then, when Robert introduced him to me as the future regenerator of his race, and even of humanity.

"Do not judge him by appearance," he said, "you must look below the surface," (which I must not have done on any consideration.) "He has been of late amid surroundings unworthy of him, as his proprietor, a most respectable person, who gains a precarious living by checking the ravages of the domestic rat, and also by a species of industry he designates as 'odd job,' deplored to me with tears in his eyes. For he is a dog who has had no common advantages, having been carefully instructed by a scientific baronet in the rudiments of a sound, commercial education. He is an animal. I have reason to believe, of sturdy intellect and strong, moral principles—all he needs is a certain amount of mild supervision."

"And a warm bath, Robert," I added. But I think that creature looked, if anything, worse when clean.

Robert's notion was to begin by inoculating this dog with advanced radical tenets, leading him by easy, progressive stages through social democracy to enlightened communism, and, then, when he was quite sound, sending him forth to influence other dogs, who, in their turn, would spread the doctrine further still.

"He has been known as 'Pincher,'" said Robert, "but he must be renamed. What do you think of 'Sirius, the Dog Star'?"

I thought it too suggestive of hydrophobia to be pleasant, so, eventually, we christened him "Cadmus," as being destined to bestow the boon of letters upon his fellow-beings.

He could not write, of course, in the ordinary way, but we got him a little wallet, full of letters of the alphabet, to wear round his neck, and, when he had anything to say, he arranged the letters on the ground with his nose and forepaws, so as to form a sentence.

He had gone back considerably, we found, but I worked through "Mavor's Spelling Book" and "Introduction to English Prose Composition" with him, until he was able to express himself with a fair amount of correctness and fluency, for a dog, though with a coarseness and absence of literary culture, which pained Robert and myself exceedingly.

In the afternoons Robert would take Cadmus himself, and discourse, in terms adapted to his comprehension, on subjects connected with political economy and social science; I went in once to the study, and found Robert lecturing with great earnestness.

"Where are you now?" I asked.

"Investigating the question of monop-

olies," he said; "I am cautioning him against some of the received fallacies on the subject."

"Well, Robert," said I, "the dog's asleep."

For the first time he lost his temper—and with me.

"He was not asleep till you came in, Fridoline," he said, "How can you expect the dog to remain awake when you come bursting into the room like this? I must beg you will not interrupt us again."

And from that time he was continually scolding me on Cadmus' account, who did not strike me as a particularly gifted dog.

"He does not improve in his spelling, Fridoline," he would say, "you are not strict enough with him, and you do not treat him in a manner calculated to increase his self-respect. I have observed you repeatedly pat him on the head and address him as 'Doggums,' or 'Old Caddy-Waddy'—you are too familiar with him, Fridoline!"

Then Robert used to be very angry because he never got his Spectator at the proper time, and when he did get it it looked as if it had been worried—but I can not see yet that it was my fault if Cadmus would insist on the first perusal of it in his kennel!

And we had a little unpleasantness, too, because I had told Robert, when he had just been congratulating himself upon having finally thoroughly convinced Cadmus of the inexpediency of retaining India, that I feared the dog was still under some misapprehension on the subject.

"I have just got out of him what it is that makes him howl so these moonlight nights," I said, "and I find, Robert, the idiotic thing has got it into its head that the moon is our Indian empire!"

"And what if he has?" cried Robert, irritably. "You women never understand these things! What does it signify what his impression of India is, so long as he is clear about the impolicy of possessing it? I have no doubt his ideas on the subject are quite as lucid as those of the average elector. Why can't you let the poor dog alone!"

By-and-by Cadmus began to absent himself for periods of two or three days at a time.

"He is proselyting," said Robert; "his zeal has sent him out thus early. I only know that it brought him back very late, and a perfect mask of mud."

At last, during one of these absences, Robert called to me:

"I will own now I was beginning to entertain doubts—but look here. Found in his kennel!" he cried, and showed me a heap of copper and some small silver.

"I hope he came by it honestly," I said.

"Fridoline, you are hard on the dog. Can you suppose he has any need of it for himself? When I have so repeatedly enlarged to him upon the sin of concentrating wealth! No; all this time he has been modestly and secretly laboring for us, these sums depend upon it, have been collected by him for the cause!"

So when Cadmus came back, Robert complimented and thanked him warmly:

"In future," he said, "I will relieve you of the responsibility of guarding these contributions. I will charge myself with the sums you bring in, open a deposit in my own name at the Post-Office Savings Bank, and render you strict monthly accounts. Will that meet your views?"

I shall never forget the look in that dog's eyes, as he sulkily picked out an X, and ranged an O by its side.

"But," said Robert, "you surely intend to devote this money to the cause?" Cadmus, however, made it sufficiently plain that he did not.

"What then?" we asked, and he was a long time arranging his answer; when it was put together, we read:

"I want a silver collar with my name and address on like wot other dogs got."

"Similar to those worn by other dogs, you mean?" corrected Robert, "but really, this is monstrous, deplorable—you actually desire to be invested with the badge of servitude?"

No, he gave us to understand, he didn't want that—only the collar.

Robert gasped and waved him away; it was a severe blow to him that, after all his training, his pupil could betray such degraded tastes, and became more uneasy than before about his proceedings during his long absences, and

especially about the means by which he had amassed sums which seemed too considerable to have been honestly acquired by one unassisted dog.

It was left for me, at a period when Robert was away at Oxford, to penetrate this mystery. I took the liberty of following Cadmus, unknown to him, an one of his expeditions, and tracked him down until I found him—oh, the horror of it!—misusing the blessings he had received by giving street performances in orthography to a wondering crowd round a corner. His spelling, it is true, was incorrect, but it seemed to satisfy the public taste. I broke through and caught his eye just as he was in the act, by particular desire, of spelling "potater" amid a shower of coppers.

I had him by the scruff of the neck in an instant, and made him leave his fill-gotten half-pence on the ground and come home with me. When I got him safely there, I talked to him seriously. "You," I said, "you to use your talent, which was given to you for the advancement of your species, in depriving ours of our hard-earned money! It will pain me, but I shall have to tell Robert of you."

He began sorting out his nasty alphabet, and presently I read:

"I shall tell of you first."

"Of what—you impudent thing," I cried, and he set to work again—presently the letters ran:

"Wot you rote in you dirty!"

I turned cold; for years I have been in the habit of keeping a journal in which I enter my more serious thoughts, which one is otherwise apt to forget, and as I wrote, "strictly private," outside, it never occurred to me that any eye but my own was likely to peruse it, so that I wrote with a freedom I might not otherwise have thought prudent.

The question now was, how far had my imprudence led me? and I rushed to my room, took out my journal, and examined it with breathless anxiety.

There they were all the hidden longings, the yearnings, the secret aspirations of my inmost heart, faithfully recorded, and I felt that there were certain passages that (though there was no harm in them), I should be very sorry for Robert to see. And on page after page there was a mark like a muddy shamrock, which showed me that that disgustingly ungentelemanly dog had read every word!

I was weak enough to return and endeavor to cajole him, and thus placed myself within his power, which I need not say he shamefully abused. All that day and the next he ate chickens and lay on my best ottoman in the drawing room, and I had to pretend to astonished callers that he was a privileged favorite!

He never owned definitely what he intended to do, and I happened most unfortunately to be out when Robert returned, or I should certainly have hidden Cadmus' alphabet; but I found him shut up in the study with that odious animal, and I knew from the manner of both that my poor little secrets had been remorselessly betrayed.

"Oh, Robert!" I began at once, "I never really meant a single word of it!"

All he replied was, "I want that photograph," and as I was struck silent, he explained. "The portrait of Charlie, whom, as your journal does not hesitate to admit, you miss more and more every day—the portrait you are not ashamed to carry upon your person!"

"Do you mean my locket?" I cried. "What are you dreaming of, Robert?"

"It is no dream," he said in sombre tones; "this faithful friend—at considerable cost to his own feelings"—(here Cadmus shut his eyes and began to stretch)—"has felt it his duty to speak of that, in a very pardonable exercise of his new accomplishments, he has accidentally discovered. The locket, Fridoline, the locket!"

"Then, if you must have it," I said—"here!"

Robert opened the case with trembling fingers. "A spaniel!" he cried, between disgust and relief.

"Yes," I said. "My poor dear King Charlie who died, and though he wasn't educated enough to make mischief, poor darling, was worth a dozen crawling curs-like the beast there. Apologize, please, Robert!"

"Cadmus," said Robert stiffly, "have the goodness to retire to the kitchen."

That night, as Robert and I, now completely reconciled (except that he would still try to take the dog's part),

were sitting up somewhat late, we heard a couple of muffled barks in the back garden.

"You see," said Robert, "he may not be all I had hoped from him, he may be a little conceited and officious; but you must admit, Fridoline, that at worst he remains an admirable house dog!" Here there was a ring at the bell, and we found a policeman at our gate.

"Light in your kitchening," he said, "thought I'd make inquiry, bein' late." "The maids have gone to bed," said I. "Then," said Robert, "it must be a burglar, and our faithful dog was seeking to give the alarm."

We went down-stairs, and there just inside the scullery window was the lower half of a man stuck fast and kicking violently. "That's Beary Bill's legs," said the constable, as he secured them with a rope, and presently the entire burglar lay, swearing horribly, on the scullery floor.

"So," said Robert directly, "he saw him, this is one of your old jobs is it?" It was the man who had sold him Pincher; if further proof had been wanting, the dog entered at that moment and came cringing up to his former master.

"The hold game," said the policeman, "you the dawg, Bill. But you didn't work it this time."

"If that there dawg had gin me the orifice as he ought to, I'd been fur enough away by this time, but he never tipped me a bark, he didn't!" said the prisoner resentfully.

"What does this mean, constable?" said Robert.

"Why, this here dawg's as well known to us as Bill himself—they've worked in couples many a job, only we never could catch them at it. The dawg, he keeps guard like, and barks when he hears any one comin'—twice for one of us, once for the person of the house."

"Then you musn't blame the dog burglar," I said, "for he did bark twice—I heard him."

"Then I tell yer how it was," he retorted, "I was so busy tryin' to find some of your bloomin' plate that wasn't electro, that I never heard him, that's all. Well, I'm glad the old dawg didn't turn agin me, that I am. Me an' him'll stand in the dock together, eh, Pincher?"

"Don't you flatter yourself!" said the unfeeling constable, "long afore that your dawg'll have seen the inside of a water-butt—and a good ridance!"

"Oh," I cried, "you wouldn't drown him, surely!"

"He'll be took afore the sitting magistrate as part of the evidence for committal, and then he'll be sent to the Dogs' Home at Battersea, and, if no one don't claim him, drowned he'll be!" was the calm answer. "But p'raps you'd like to keep him as a souvenir, sir?" the constable suggested.

I was afraid Robert was going to accept—but he coughed and reddened slightly. "On the whole," he replied, "from what I know of his antecedents—I—ah, think not."

"Well, he ain't much to look at, certainly," agreed the policeman; "then it's all up with him."

But Cadmus, who seemed to have been following the dialogue with some interest, and not to approve of the manner in which his destiny had been decided for him, here gave a sudden spring through the open window, and was lost in the darkness.

Some months after the burglar's conviction, I happened to be taken by some friends with whom I was staying to a small country theatre—Robert, I need scarcely say, not forming one of the party. The piece they played was a version of the "Dog of Montargis," and directly that noble animal made his appearance, I recognized him. It was Pincher, alias "Cadmus," alias "Bayard," the name under which he had apparently gone on the stage. He went through his part (which he scarcely looked.) creditably enough, and when he came before the curtain at the close to bow his acknowledgements, he cast an imploring glance upward at the stage box—where I sat—the one person there who knew how checkered had been his past.

And I threw him down a little bunch of violets I was wearing, which, I think, he understood as a token that I would not betray him.

Robert, who has been allowed to read some part of this, says I am betraying him now; but, of course, I have only mentioned this story in strict confidence, and I am sure no one would use it to prejudice a poor dog who is struggling hard to be respectable.

For I am beginning to think myself that the stage, with all its temptations, offers a far better career for a dog than demonstrating on platforms or agitating for things he can know very little about.

Robert still declares he does not agree with me, but he takes no steps as yet to educate any more dogs.—F. Anstey, author of *The Tinted Venus*.

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RESCUING A PRISONER.

BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE.

After Sheridan's troops had carried out the order to burn ten square miles of the Shenandoah Valley, there was a more bitter turn to the war waged in that locality. Many of the Confederate farmers who had been neutral or had tried to be, now become guerrillas and lost no opportunity of killing a Federal.

After that burning Mosby had no difficulty in securing all the men he could handle, and other guerrilla bands sprang into life in the various valleys and scrupled at nothing which would cripple the enemy. I know that scores of Federal prisoners, who would have otherwise been treated as prisoners of war, were shot down as soon as captured on account of that burning.

Among those who turned bushwhacker was an old man named Humphrey, living about two miles from Strausburg. He was about 62 years old, quite lame in one leg from hip disease, and, up to the burning, was looked upon as a kind-hearted, good-natured, and forgiving old man. The Federals burned the houses and barns of his two sons, further down the valley, and one day two or three half drunken soldiers came to his house and demanded dinner. He refused to give them anything. One of them drew a revolver to shoot him down, but the weapon was accidentally discharged and Mrs. Humphrey was mortally wounded.

After her death and burial, old Humphrey disappeared and was next heard of in the mountains. He lived in a cave and became a bushwhacker. The term is hardly strong enough. He became a man-hunter. While a confederate in sentiment, he had little to do with them, securing his arms and ammunition from his Federal victims, and his few provisions from the farm-houses. In his old age he became an avenging spirit. There was something appalling in his tireless, vindictive trawling of Federals. He hung about camps and picket-posts and marching columns, and he took desperate chances to gratify his thirst for blood. If he came across three foragers together he would certainly bite the dust, and he would not hesitate to attack even where the number was five.

In one year old Humphrey killed 36 Federals. I make the statement on the authority of people who saw the tally. The old man preserved a relic from each body—knife, ring, watch-chain, or button—and there was no chance to mistake the number.

One day in making a scout near Cross Keys, I was discovered by a scouting party of ten Federals, and run into the mountains. The pursuit did not end here. Some of them dismounted and hung to my trail for another hour. It was in avoiding these men that I accidentally stumbled on old Humphrey's hiding place. It was a veritable cave, warm and dry, and well hidden, and I had entered it before I knew it was occupied. The old man was not at home, but I had scarcely detected signs that the place had an inhabitant when a voice called from the gloom at the rear end:

"For God's sake, who is it—Yank or reb?"

"Reb, I guess. Who are you?"

"Then there is no hope!" he groaned.

I struck a match and advanced towards him. On a rude bench was a dish of fat with a rag in it for a wick, and as soon as I had lighted I could see everything in the cave. On the hard stone floor lay a prisoner, tied hand and foot. He was a Federal, a second lieutenant and belonged either to the Twenty-fifth New York or the Twenty-fifth Cavalry. Having afterwards lost my note-book I am not sure of the regiment.

The cave contained a bench or two, a pile of straw, and two or three quilts for a bed, and a lot of trophies in the way of guns and sabres.

"Who are you?" I asked of the man as I bent over him.

"Lieutenant Johnson, of Sheridan's cavalry," he answered.

"How came you here?"

"I was riding with a dispatch last evening when I was bushwhacked and made a prisoner. I have a bullet in the shoulder."

"Who brought you here?"

"An old man, who acts as if he were crazy."

It was the first prisoner old Humphrey ever took, and I greatly wondered over it. His policy was to kill, and how did he come to spare this man's life?

"Who are you?" suddenly asked the prisoner.

"One of General Early's scouts."

"Then I have no hope. You may have the heart, however, to hand me a drink of water. I am burning up with fever."

There was a gourd on the bench, and the purest coldest water ran down the rocks at the door. I raised the man's head and he imbibed more than a pint.

His hands were tied together at the wrists and the cords had sunk deep into the flesh. I severed the bonds with my knife and rubbed his arms until the circulation of blood was restored.

"God bless you for that! I have suffered death twice over!" he said, sort of breaking down like a woman.

His wound had not been dressed. I propped him up, cut away his coat and shirt, washed off the blood and dressed the wound as well as possible under the circumstances. I was finishing the operation when I heard a step behind me, and as I rose up and turned my head old Humphrey sprang upon me. He had a gun with him, and why he didn't shoot me down I could not guess unless it was in the hope of making another prisoner.

The old fellow sprang at me like an enraged tiger, and during his first fury he got the better of me. However, after a struggle of three or four minutes he lost his wind and I managed to tie him hand and foot. Then he broke out in revilings, and such oaths and such oaths and imprecations I never heard before or since. He boasted that he intended to torture the Lieutenant to death, and he called such curses down upon my head as did not seem possible for human tongue to utter.

By and by, when he had exhausted himself, the prisoner asked:

"What will you do with me?"

That was a puzzler. I had no show to get him into our lines, I could not remain there and guard him, and as for leaving him in the hands of old Humphrey it was not to be thought of. The old man had endured privations and brooded over his wrongs until he had become insane. His ravings showed that.

"I'll tell you," I replied to the prisoner, who was on his feet to try his strength. "I am going away for three hours. When I return I shall take you to Port Republic. Be ready."

With that I walked out. It was six hours before I returned. The prisoner was gone. The old man lay on his back just where I had seen him last, and as I bent over him I saw that he was dead. A day or two after a prisoner whom we captured stated that the lieutenant got safe into Strausburg.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.
E. S. MOSE, Editor and Proprietor.
Thursday, January 28, 1886.

LOCAL politics will shortly attract the interested attention of the politicians. Every good citizen ought to be a politician.

It looks very much as though an appeal to the English people on the distinct issue of home rule would endorse those who did not sustain the Queen.

THE Queen's speech upon the opening of Parliament, England, last week, was a very conservative document. We infer from the speech that the Irish have nothing to expect from the present government.

JUDGE BOYER has decided that people who sign petitions for license and go on the bonds of liquor dealers must be able to write their own names instead of making marks. The Judge is right.

A RECENTLY published army return shows the total effective force of the British regular army to be 201,000. The distribution of this force is not without its bearings on the Irish question. Ireland is discontented, and consequently there are nearly 27,000 men, with sixty field guns, quartered there. Canada has 1,300 troops and India has 63,000 troops. There are only 14,000 troops in Egypt.

C. L. WEBSTER, the publisher of Gen. Grant's book, will give to Mrs. Grant a check for \$250,000 as her share of the profits of the book up to date. This is the largest sum ever paid in one check by a publisher to an author or his representatives. Macaulay received from the publishers of his History of England a check for £20,000, or \$100,000, and the largest sum Sir Walter Scott ever received in one check from his publisher was £40,000, or \$200,000.

It is reported that the Mormons, weary of the conflict with the law against too much marrying, are looking for an island in the Pacific where they can marry as much as they please without fear of the Edmunds law. The story is that the Mormon leaders are negotiating with a syndicate for one million acres of fertile land in one of the islands composing the Sandwich group. There is already a Mormon colony of four thousand members, owning six hundred thousand acres of land, adjoining the proposed purchase. Rather plausible story, this.

THE statistics of the production of pig iron for 1885 show a slight decrease over that of 1884. The local production was 4,529,869 net tons, as against 4,539,613 tons in 1884, a decrease of 59,744 net tons. The last half of the year shows a considerable increase in the output and a decided lowering of stocks. As usual Pennsylvania turned out more than half the total production, being credited with 2,445,436 tons of the entire 4,529,869 tons produced. Ohio comes next in the list of iron-producing States with 553,963 tons, Illinois third with 327,977 and Alabama fourth with 227,433 tons. The highest producing States are Virginia, Tennessee, New York and Michigan, in the order named.

THE wealth of the Vanderbilt family will be a blessing to the suffering all over the country, as so much of it goes for establishing a most thoroughly equipped medical college. It will be remembered that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt gave half a million dollars to the College of Physicians and Surgeons. They have a fine property, and an adequate building is now being erected. Mr. Vanderbilt's daughter, Mrs. William D. Sloane, and her husband, have undertaken to erect on the same property a maternity hospital, to be open to all women expecting to become mothers. It will accommodate five hundred cases in a year. Mr. and Mrs. Sloane will also give it ample permanent endowment.

THE explosion of fire damp in the Orrell Coal Company's mines at Newburg, West Virginia, on January 21st, killed thirty-nine men. The shock was heard for ten miles. There were fifty men in the mine at the time of the explosion, but only thirty-nine are known to be dead. The choke damp prevented the search for the bodies until a ventilating apparatus was put in operation. The generally accepted theory, which is that of the company's representatives, is that Nick Williams, who was cutting a ditch through a brattice at the extreme end of the works, to let water off, knocked down a door to give him a better chance at this work. The door

played an important part in the system of ventilation, which was thus disarranged.

HARTMAN, John F., is a considerable person. He was born to hold public offices, and no one is foolish enough to expect that he will ever get out of the office-holding business as long as he has wind. When he dies his remains will lie beneath a towering monument covered with inscriptions—relating to his distinguished services as a public official, or as one who feasted many years at the public trough and quenched his thirst at the public fountain. He treads the earth as ex-Auditor-General, two terms; ex-Governor, two terms; ex-Postmaster of Philadelphia, and ex-Collector of the Port, same city. Recently, he was appointed by the U. S. Senate one of the Managers of National Soldiers' Homes, as successor of the late General McClellan. Perhaps there is an office waiting for our office-holding Johnny on the other side.

No Parties. No Republic.
From the New York Sun.
The editor of our esteemed contemporary, *Harper's Weekly*, takes occasion in that popular journal to denounce "the miserable game of party advantage."

The nature of republican government, of the government of the people by the people, is such that it must be carried on through parties, standing for different ideas and conflicting political tendencies. So it has been in all free governments that have ever existed; and so it is to-day in every free government that now exists.

Each of these parties exists through the continual endeavor to get some advantage over its opponent. In this endeavor and in the constant discussions, investigations, revelations, reforms, advances and retreats which grow out of party strife and belong to it, the liberties and the rights of the people are maintained; and no other way of maintaining them has ever been invested or is now known to men.

"The miserable game of party advantage," therefore, is essential to free government and to a republican system of administering public affairs. Those who most despise it and denounce it, must be those who at heart despise and hate republican government, and wish to see some other sort of government established in its place. Such a government exists in Russia, and such a government is believed to exist in Sheol. In these regions "the miserable game of party advantage" is never played.

But most intelligent persons will prefer such a country as the United States, where the game of party advantage will be played just as long as freedom and self-government are maintained.

AN ILL-FATED FAMILY.

SIX DEATHS IN TWENTY MONTHS.—MR. PALMER'S SON GEORGE DEAD.

Within twenty months six deaths have occurred in the family of George M. Palmer, a baker, of No. 143 Otter street, Philadelphia. At first the cause of the strange fatality was apparently a mystery and many of the neighbors intimated that the remaining son, Geo., who was of unsettled mind, might be enabled to explain the decease of his relatives. These suspicions seemed to be strengthened, as George was the only member of the family who had escaped sickness. Dr. Albert G. H. Starck, the family physician, believing that the deaths were caused by the water used by the family, an analysis was made and it was claimed that it contained lead poison. The matter was called to the attention of the Board of Health. Medical Inspector Taylor was ordered to make an investigation. He reported that there was no trace of lead poison in the water used by the family. Further investigation showed that the six members of the ill-fated family had died from natural causes. In the early part of last week the son, the father, who lately remarried, and a journeyman employed by the latter were taken seriously ill. When the German baker learned of the deaths which had happened in his employer's family he became frightened and left the house. On Wednesday George was admitted to the Philadelphia Hospital, where he died on Saturday. Dr. Formad, the Coroner's physician, made a post-mortem examination and found that the young man had died from nervous exhaustion and that he had been subject to epileptic fits.

Seven Maniac Brothers.

St. Louis, Missouri, January 24.—Seven brothers, all raving maniacs, en route for the Jacksonville, Illinois, Asylum, passed through this city yesterday. The commissioner in charge of the lunatics states that prior to the war a wealthy farmer, by the name of Anson Arnold, settled in Hickory county, Missouri, with a large family. The acquirement of money seemed to be their highest aim in life and the whole family of seven sons and five daughters deprived themselves of the necessities of life in order to gain it. About three years ago a stranger visited their home and after convincing them that they could in a short time largely increase their wealth induced them to invest their all in what proved to be a mythical silver mine in Nevada. After months of anxiety they learned that they had been imposed upon and all seven of the brothers, upon receipt of the news, immediately became afflicted with a violent form of insanity, which is the cause of their present trip to Jacksonville.

MADE SUDDENLY RICH.

MR. MITCHELL'S DESPISED MEXICAN BONDS PROVE A BIG BONANZA.

MILFORD, Penna., January 21.—Quite a sensation has been caused in this village by the announcement that Wm. Mitchell, a real estate agent and hotel-owner of this village, has become suddenly enriched through the discovery of a quantity of supposed valueless bonds were found to be negotiable. Mr. Mitchell said to-day that on payment of a debt a number of years ago he took some miscellaneous articles, among them being a package of sixty thousand dollars in Mexican bonds, bearing six per cent. interest. They were not thought to be worth the paper they were printed on and have lain about the house and served as playthings for the children. All but five or six had been saved, however.

A few days ago, through Mr. Henry Simonds, of Philadelphia, Mr. Mitchell received information which led him to believe that the bonds might be worth something and he placed them in the hands of a New York agent to ascertain their value. He has already been offered seventy-five cents on a dollar for the bonds, but will hold them until their exact value is known. It is estimated that they are worth at least one hundred thousand dollars, the interest having accrued for over thirty years.

A Long Head.
From the New York Times.

"What are you waiting for, little boy?" inquired a kindly old gentleman of a street urchin who was watching each passer-by intently. "Waitin' for a long-whiskered gent smokin' a seegar. Then I'll feller him an' 'git the stub."

"Do long-whiskered men smoke better cigars?"

"Naw, but they don't smoke 'em so short."

A Fortunate Old Age.

Most men who have begun to catch a glimpse of the shades of the declining years of life ought to envy General Simon Cameron. With his eighty-seventh birthday coming next month, he is hale and hearty. He is not bothered with the dyspepsia nor the big uncomfortable stomach of many men of 50 years, and he can do more travelling and enjoy himself on a wider extent of territory than any known man of his age. General Cameron has been somewhat under the weather occasionally during his journey through his eighty-seventh year, but has not at any time been seriously ill. His large estate has always received his personal attention, and he knows as much to-day about the complications of politics as he did when his strong hand was felt in all movements. He will leave for Florida in a short time and celebrate his birthday in a sunny clime.

Clever Retort.

Oscar Wilde knew the late Miss Bayard very well. He was a great admirer of her wit and power of repartee and lost no opportunity to meet her during his stay in Washington. One fine day the capital's society people found themselves interested in two events which were to take place in the evening. One was a lecture by the champion of the sunflower and the other was a brilliant reception. Oscar Wilde met Miss Bayard during the afternoon of the eventful day and she asked him:

"Mr. Wilde, will you go to the reception to-night?"

"Well," he replied, "if I am not too much fatigued after my lecture."

A short pause followed and then he said:

"Miss Bayard, of course you will be at the reception?"

"Well," came the answer, "if I am not too much fatigued after your lecture!"

Bob Ingersoll's Love for Children.

Ingersoll is the kindest-hearted man I ever saw. Riding all day with him between Omaha and Chicago I saw a little incident that will illustrate this. On the train was a pale, sickly looking woman, with a fretful baby. The woman was in shabby mourning and was almost worn out with the crying and worrying of her little one. The passengers were very much annoyed and kept looking around and frowning at the woman, who was evidently doing her best to quiet the child. Finally Mr. Ingersoll, who had been reading, noticed it. Getting up, he stepped across to the woman and took the babe, telling her to take a little rest and he would take care of the child. The little one stopped crying at once, played with his watch and chain awhile and finally nestled his little head down on his arm and went to sleep. The tired mother also dropped to sleep and the Colonel cared for the baby for upwards of a hundred miles before the mother awakened and relieved him.

Interesting Paragraphs.

Scientific men have been perplexed for many years over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. A Russian merchant in 1828 began to dig the well, but he gave up the task three years later, when he had dug down thirty feet and was still in solidly frozen soil. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences dug away at the well for months, but stopped when it had reached a depth of 332 feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from these data it was estimated that the ground was frozen to a depth of 612 feet. Although the pole of the greatest cold is in this province of Yakutsk, not even the terrible severity of the Siberian winters could freeze the ground to a depth of 600 feet. Geologists have de-

cided that the frozen valley of the lower Lena is a formation of the glacial period. They believe, in short, that it froze solidly then, and has never since had a chance to thaw out.

There has been a real estate boom in West Australia within the last six months. Land has increased 100 per cent. in value all round. Upward of 750,000 dollars has been sent to Sydney in the last month for investment.

"Now, sir, you are better," said a Boston, Massachusetts, faith doctor to a patient he had been treating; "tell me just how you feel." "Well, sir," replied the victim, "I feel like a fool; how much is your bill?"

Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, several years ago gave his wife the choice between a block lot in Minneapolis or a nice new bonnet. Disregarding the traditions of her sex she took the lot and recently sold it for 90,000 dollars. The present value of the hat she had in mind at the time is not known.

The immense prehistoric shell heaps at Damariscotta, Maine, are being dug up and shipped to Boston, Massachusetts, to be ground into dust and sold as poultry food. These deposits, which are described in Ernest Ingersoll's Census Report on American Oyster Industries, have long been an object of great interest to antiquarians.

In the *Pacific Medical Journal* the case is reported of a youth who swallowed an open penknife measuring three and a half inches. A common and unwise treatment in such cases is to give castor oil, but Dr. Hutchings, who had charge of the case, administered hearty meals of mush and buckwheat cakes, which impacted the instrument, and it was recovered without having caused the least injury.

Dr. Reviere of Logansville, Georgia, won the consent of Miss Octavia Nash, and obtained a marriage license. At the same time his rival, John Jackson, procured a license, and the Doctor's fears being excited he mounted his horse, as did Jackson, and it was a race for the lady's house. Reviere reached there five minutes ahead, and after the ceremony had been performed it was revealed that Miss Octavia had promised both men, and named the same day and hour. She thought that the best man should win.

A prize is offered, of 3,000 francs, by Baron Leon de Laval, of Nice, France, for the best readily portable instrument constructed according to the principle of the microphone, for improvement of hearing in cases of partial deafness. The Award Committee will receive instruments intended for competition up to December 31, 1887. The awarding of the prize will take place at the 4th International Congress for Otology, to be held at Brussels, Belgium, in September, 1888.

The peasant Indians of Central America hold some curious superstitions, of which the following are examples: When a child is ill the mother takes a drake, sings its tail feathers, and, muttering certain words, passes it over the patient. A woman feeds a parrot with a few pieces of tortilla and gives the child the crumbs which fall from the beak, as they will make it talk! Colic is due to the evil eye; in order to get rid of the disturbing influence the woman breaks four duck's eggs into a basin, and, having mixed them with rue, places the whole under the child's bed; if the compound be curdled in the morning the spirit has departed.

Philadelphia Produce Market.			
	Flour.		
Pennsylvania Extra Family	4 00 @ 4 15		
Rye Flour	3 50 @ 3 75		
	GRAIN.		
Red Wheat	87½ @ 93		
Corn	46 @ 48½		
Oats	37½ @ 41		
Rye			
	PROVISIONS.		
Mess Pork	11 50 @ 12 00		
Mess Beef	9 00 @ 11 50		
Dried Beef	12 00 @ 13 00		
Beef Hams	17 00 @ 17 50		
Hams	9½ @ 11		
Sides			
Shoulders	7½		
Pickled Shoulders	6		
Lard	6 @ 7½		
	SEEDS.		
Clover	9½ @ 10½		
Flaxseed	1 15 @ 1 27		

PHILADELPHIA, January 19, 1886.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.
The receipts were 3,500 steers, 11,000 sheep, 6,300 hogs.

Beef cattle were lower at 2½¢. Sheep were in full supply at 3¢. Hogs were in poor request at 6¢.

Philadelphia Hay Market.

During the week ending with the above date there were received at the Farmers' Hay and Straw Market 85 loads of hay and 25 of straw, which were sold at the following prices: Prime Timothy Hay per 100 pounds 1 25¢ to 1 35¢ Mixed " " 1 15¢ to 1 25¢ Straw " " 85¢ to 90¢

ESTATE NOTICE!

Estate of Jacob S. Kratz, late of Upper Providence, Montgomery County, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payments, and those having legal claims against the same will present them, without delay, in proper order for settlement, to Dr. HARVEY KRATZ, ADMINISTRATOR, dec. 17, 6t. New Britain, Bucks County, Pa.

-SKIPPACK-

CARRIAGE WORKS.

ROBERT LOWNES, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES & WAGONS

Of every description built to order. New and Second-hand Carriages and Wagons on hand. BLACKSMITHING And Wheelwright work of every description promptly executed in the best manner. Dec. 31, 5mo.

--GO TO--
Beaver & Shellenberger,
Trappe, Pa.,
FOR TABLE LINEN, WOOLEN AND CANTON FLANELS.

CHEVIOTS,
PRESS GOODS,
GINGHAMS,
CALICOES, &c.

VELVETEENS, in different colors, for trimming. Our stock of Ladies' and Gents' SHOES! is larger than ever. Rubber Boots and Shoes of all size and prices.

CLOTHS! CASSIMERES!
The largest and best assortment we have ever had. Clothing made to order.

Wall Paper of the Latest Patterns.

PAINTS! OILS! HARDWARE, WOOD AND WILLOWARE.

Dried Fruits of all kinds and of the best; and everything usually kept in a country store, at Rock Bottom Prices at

Beaver & Shellenberger's.

WHEAT,

WHEAT!

WHEAT!

WANTED!

W-a-n-t-e-d.

—AT THE—

COLLEGEVILLE

Roller Mills

300 Bushels Wanted Daily!

Highest prices paid in cash.

CAMERON, CORSON & Co.,

Buy and Sell REAL ESTATE

In all parts of the county.

519 Swede Street, NORRISTOWN, PA.

aug. 30-6-mo.

DOWN! --- DOWN!
--- ROCK BOTTOM PRICES ---
MY ENTIRE STOCK, CONSISTING OF DRY GOODS, Groceries, Wood ware, Willow ware. Boots and Shoes, Paints & Oils, &c., &c., &c. I would call particular attention to my fine stock of CASSIMERES & SUITINGS, for all sizes and ages, rich as well as poor. I can suit you. Will make suits at all prices, or any style and any price reasonable, and guarantee satisfaction. My stock of Shoes is large, and I can show you a good line of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes. All I ask of my patrons is to call and examine my stock, and oblige,
JOSEPH G. GOTWALS,
PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE.

A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

It being the custom in our day and age for members of the human family to present each other with presents, it is necessary that you should know where to get them. We can tell you what you can get at the Rahn Station Store.

You can get Albums, Autograph Albums, Scrap Books, Scrap Pictures, Fancy Paper and Envelopes in Boxes. In Jewelry you can get Ladies' Bracelets, Ladies and Gents' Rings, Gents' scarf pins, Watch Chains and Ladies' Necklaces, and for children, you can get Doll Babies, Horns, Mouth Organs, toys, ornaments for Christmas trees, small Tea Sets, Cups and Saucers.

Husband buy your wife a nice Bed Blanket, or something to ornament your house.

For children—boys and girls—you can get skates and sleds, and most anything that will make glad the juvenile heart.

We have for the husband to present to the wife some splendid hanging lamps, stand lamps, Bed Blankets,—fine, good and cheap. A hand-knit all wool Germantown skirts. Glass Sets in white & colored glass. Toilet sets.

We cannot to enumerate all the suitable holiday articles. Before purchasing elsewhere, call and see our stock.

G. F. HUNSICKER.

=COLLEGEVILLE=
=DRUG STORE.=

Diarrhoea Mixture will cure your Diarrhoea & Dysentery.

Culbert's Ague & Liver Pills. Pure Cream Tartar.

Pure Flavoring Extracts. Pure Baking Powder.

Dalmatian Insect Powder for destruction of Flies, Ants, Roaches &c. Poultry Powder, sure cure for Cholera in Poultry. PURE SPICES A SPECIALTY.

Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist.

—ABOUT—
Ladies Coats and Wraps, Children's Coats, &c.

—WINTER WRAP—
You can be suited now, as our stock is full of desirable garments for this season.

—MADE TO ORDER—
We advise customers that as a general rule it is GOOD POLICY to have

—HUNDREDS OF CLOTHS—
To select from, ranging in price from \$1.00 To \$7.00 Per Yard.

Also elegant —MOLE SKIN— AND

—SEAL SKIN CLOTHS—
At \$2.00 to \$30.00 per yard.

Whether you want a FIVE DOLLAR or a FIFTY DOLLAR COAT, we can suit you, either in ready made or made to order.

We are making a great many very pretty new style —WRAPS—

Trimmed with fur. They are becoming to almost every lady and we can show you a style in them which will undoubtedly be a prevailing pattern not only for this season, but next winter.

Children's Coats for all ages and all prices.

Howard Leopold, 229 High Street, POTTSTOWN, PA.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

BLACKSTONE BUILDING, No. 727 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Second Floor, Room 15. Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Dec. 17, 1yr.

FRANK WUNSCHEL, CARPET WEAVER!

Near Upper Providence Square (formerly S.H. Hallman's place). Carpets of all grades woven to order. Ready made carpet for sale. Carpet warps made to order. Dec. 24, 2m.

I. P. RHOADES, TRAPPE, PA. DEALER IN BEEF, MUTTON and VEAL,

Vegetables and Fruit in season. aug. 20. Orders thankfully received.

A VERY INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT!

—CONCERNING THE— TRAPPE

Furniture Warerooms!

AND THOSE WHO MAY DESIRE TO PURCHASE THE BEST FURNITURE AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

The proprietor of the Trappe Furniture Warerooms has made extensive preparations to meet the demands of the Spring trade, and he is better prepared than ever to give satisfaction to customers. Handsome and suitable Hair Cloth, Raw Silk, or Terry

PARLOR SUITS!

About twenty different styles of Ash, Cottage, and Walnut Suits!

From \$30. up. A Large and varied stock of all kinds of Furniture, at prices that will prove to be an inducement to buyers.

Ash and WALNUT SIDEBOARDS, EXTENSION TABLES!

of the best manufacture, very low. —Brussels Carpet and Royal Plush Lounges, Lounge and sofa combined—in Spun Silk & Hair Cloth. Mattresses in variety best makes, carpets, oil cloths, &c.

First-class home-made carpet, 50 cents per yard. Rugs taken in exchange at 50¢ per lb. for carpets.

Those who contemplate purchases in the line of Furniture, upholstered goods, or anything kept in a thoroughly stocked Furniture store, will surely not regret a visit to the Trappe Furniture Warerooms,

JOHN S. KEPLER, PROPRIETOR.

THE POPULAR DINING ROOMS,

Under Acker's Building, Swede Street, near Main, Norristown, HARRY B. LONG, Proprietor.

Is the place to go to get anything you may desire in the eating line, prepared in the best style, at moderate cost. Fresh Oysters, the largest and best in town, done up in every style. Remember the place and favor it with your patronage when in town.

WHEAT AND RYE WANTED. 10,000 bushels of Wheat and 2000 bushels of Rye. Highest cash market prices paid. Apply at the COLLEGEVILLE ROLLER MILLS.

Providence Independent.

Thursday, January 28, 1886.

TERMS.—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the country than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the country.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.47 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.07 a. m.
Market.....	1.20 p. m.
Accommodation.....	4.24 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Mail.....	7.17 a. m.
Accommodation.....	9.14 a. m.
Market.....	3.13 p. m.
Accommodation.....	6.46 p. m.
SUNDAY—SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.50 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.49 p. m.
NORTH.	
Accommodation.....	9.33 a. m.
Milk.....	5.41 p. m.

All communications, business or otherwise, transmitted to us through the mails, to receive immediate attention, must be directed to Collegeville, P. O., hereafter.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

They skated o'er the glassy pond
In ecstasy supreme;
He said it was an hour of bliss,
She said it was a dream.
And loving arm in loving arm
Sped on the happy pair,
Their souls as free, their hearts as light
As though they trod on air.
And happiness superlative
Their progress seemed to crown,
Until they bumped another twin,
And suddenly sat down.

—Saturday Evening Gazette.

—The jingling bells will soon cease their jingling—unless there is more of the "beautiful" on the way.

—A movement is on foot for organizing a bank at Royersford.

—A large stock of blankets and robes will be closed out at remarkably low prices within the next thirty days Detwiler's, Upper Providence Square.

—Howard Reightamer, of Douglass township, has been committed to jail charged with stealing a silver watch and chain from John Stetler.

—Robert Aitich, a brakeman on the Perkiomen railroad, had the index finger of his right hand mashed while coupling cars at this place, yesterday. The wound was dressed at Culbert's drug store.

—Abram Buckwalter, near this place, is the owner of a cow worth speaking of, surely. The milk yielded by the animal, last week, produced 14½ pounds of butter. Another of Mr. Buckwalter's cows made a record of 11½ pounds in one week, recently.

—Limerick Council No. 278, American Mechanics, will give a grand ball in Brendlinger's hall, Limerick Square, on the evening of the 23d of February. Those who admire amusement of this kind should take note of the coming ball.

—The Eureka washing machine, manufactured and sold by A. L. Ashenfelter, Port Providence, is one of the best friends the queens of the household can, possibly have around the house. Its worth a dozen snarling men on wash days.

—J. S. Johnson has opened a general provision store at the "Lower store stand" Trappe. Read his adv. elsewhere and give him a call.

—Rev. Joel Rudderow will preach and administer the communion at the Episcopal church, Evansburg, next Sunday morning, Jan'y 31st.

—It is reported that Buckley Bros., of Delaware county, have purchased the old store stand in Trappe, owned for a number of years by George Ozias, Sr.

—We assure our esteemed friend Joseph E. Thropp, Esq., of Edge Hill, this county, that he has our thanks for a copy of Hon. R. P. Porter's "Bread Winner's Abroad." As soon as we can grasp time enough to carefully examine the book we will perhaps have something to say about it.

—Sleighers from Royersford and Norristown to the number of about seventy visited Gross' Collegeville Hotel, Tuesday night. They utilized the capacious hall, merrily danced the hours away, and partook of a sumptuous supper.

—J. Schrack Shearer, David Sower, Henry Loucks, Charles Walters, Joseph Fitzwater and Joseph Rittenhouse have been appointed a jury in partition in the estate of Israel Urner, late of Upper Providence.

—The Royersford Bulletin, J. A. Guss publisher, has taken a sudden and lively leap from a monthly to a seven column weekly. If it is in the timber Guss will rip-saw success out of it, let the dust fly where it may. We welcome it to our exchange list.

T. G. C.

The Trappe Gun Club held its first meeting for practice last Saturday afternoon at Dorworth's hotel. Each member was allowed eleven balls. A. H. Fox and J. S. Johnson each demolished eight balls; J. R. Dorworth, 7; Harry Saylor 7; Jesse Walt, 6. Not a bad score for the first racket.

A Very Sad Case.

The case of Abraham O. Roth, who was killed on the North Penn railroad at Sellersville last week, was a particularly distressing one. On the 14th inst. he procured a marriage license. On the 15th he was married. On the 18th he was killed on the 23d his funeral took place. His brother, Isaiah O. Roth, also procured a license on the 14th and both were married at the same time and place.

Collision.

Sleighers, going in opposite directions, collided on the brow of the Collegeville hill, last Wednesday night. The parties hailed from Norristown and Limerick. One of the Limerick men had his coat considerably torn by the shafts of the sleigh of the other party. The affair terminated in a knock-down and scuffle at a point further south, the particulars of which we have not learned.

Sued.

The managers of the Yerkes Creamery Company have sued the British American Insurance Company to recover about \$1200 on the creamery building destroyed by fire some months ago. The other companies have adjusted their proportion of the loss due the managers, but the insurance company aforementioned desires to evade, for some reason, the payment of the policy from which it reaped assessments.

Changed Her Mind.

A Pottstown couple, so the story goes, went to Norristown last week and procured a marriage license. The wedding was to have taken place on Saturday. On Friday the bride prospect suddenly disappeared, and has not been heard of since. The would be husband is not out of pocket in the matter of cash invested in a marriage license as his intended father-in-law had advanced him \$10.

Valley Forge.

The movement to extinguish the debt of \$3000 incurred by the Valley Forge Memorial Association, in purchasing the Washington Headquarters and the grounds adjacent at that place, is said to be in good shape and promises to be entirely successful. The various camps of the Patriotic Order Sons of America are taking an active interest in the matter, under the lead of Washington Camp No. 114, of Norristown, which will hold an entertainment on February 22, with the view of raising funds for the purpose. Ex-Governor Henry M. Hoyt, will be the prominent speaker. Vocal music will be furnished under the leadership of J. O. K. Roberts, of the Phoenixville Messenger.

ELECTED.

The stockholders of the Ridge Avenue Farmer Market Company, held a meeting for the election of officers on Tuesday last week. The following were elected: President, G. T. Hunsicker; Treasurer, A. D. Hunsicker; Secretary, M. R. Supple; Superintendent, A. G. Grater. Subsequently Edward Conrad was appointed to take the place of M. R. Supple who was elected to assume the duties of Superintendent, in place of A. G. Grater, resigned. The managers elected were: A. D. Hunsicker, M. R. Supple, A. Davis, E. Thomas, H. Schlichter, W. J. Reese, J. H. Longacre, J. Young, G. T. Hunsicker. At a meeting of the board of managers, last Saturday, a semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent. was declared. The Company is in a very prosperous condition.

Libel.

A capias has been issued for the arrest of W. H. Johnson, editor and publisher of the North Wales Record, on a charge of libel. The complainant is Rev. A. J. Aldred, pastor of the Baptist church, North Wales. Mr. Aldred recently preached a sermon which failed to please some of the members of his congregation. A communication appeared in the Record giving a summary of the discourse, and the comments of the writer. Mr. Aldred claims that he has been slandered by the correspondent, whose name the editor refused to divulge—thereby assuming sole responsibility for the communication. If the case goes to court there will be an interesting trial, for the sight of a newspaper editor and a clergyman wrestling with the law will be something new, novel and doubtless interesting. It appears to us, at this distance, that when a clergyman chooses to take privileges, whether they rightly belong to the pulpit or not, he ought to expect to learn of the privileges of somebody else who may chance to differ with him in opinion. A preacher is a public man. His utterances from the pulpit are public and likely to be subjected at any time to public criticism, praise, or censure. The pulpit should not serve as a special shield for its occupant; it ought not to be a place where a clergyman may vent his spleen against such person or persons as he may choose for a target, without taking into prayerful consideration the possibility of colliding with a rejoinder. Rejoinders frequently cut deeper than the skin. Let every man be accountable for his public utterances—preacher or layman. A bit of chastisement will be as likely to benefit a preacher as much as anybody else. Brother Johnson: Give the matter careful thought. If you have wronged Mr. Aldred, make a manly reparation. If not, stand by your guns and fight the matter to its conclusion—if it takes all next summer.

KENTUCKY HORSES.

We have received word from M. P. Anderson to announce a public sale of Kentucky Horse at Gross' Hotel, this place, on Monday, February 8, 1886. The horses have been carefully selected in the blue grass region, and will no doubt prove to be the kind that will suit purchasers. See adv. and posters.

HISTORIC GROUND.

Isaac K. Harley, of Limerick, has leased his 46 acre farm to Isaac Tyson. He has bought and will remove to, about the first of April, a farm of 222 acres, in Prince William county, Virginia, two miles from Manassas Junction. The property is right on the location of two of the most celebrated battles of the war—the first and second battle of Bull Run, and many relics of those terrible conflicts can yet be seen about the premises. Mr. Harley paid \$20 per acre for his farm.

From Oaks.

The Green Tree Literary Society met Thursday evening, January 21st, 1886. The following program was rendered: Declaration, Oscar Rambo; Declaration, Miss Minnie Francis; Solo, Miss Cora Boileau; Declaration, Benj. C. Davis; Music, Glee Club; Reading, Miss Sallie Wiley; Reading, Miss Emma Dettra; Declaration, Miss Kate Greger; Reading, Mrs. Annie Rogers; Logals Mr. Joseph Rittenhouse; Reading, Ed. Miller; Solo, Miss Ella Youcum; Music, Glee Club. The next meeting of the Society will be held on Thursday evening, January 28. It is intended that a very interesting debate shall form a part of the program for that evening. The Society has been in existence one year and much interest is taken in its meetings.

From Our Trappe Correspondent.

The rain and sleet last week put the streets in a very bad condition for walking, but improved sleighing. At this writing sleighing is still excellent, and the thermometer in the neighborhood of zero. Where are those persons who said we would have no winter and no sleighing? Mum is the word.

A number of our citizens are still filling their ice houses, but the ice is not of as good quality as that stored a short time ago. There are still quite a number of ice houses to fill.

The attendance at Luke's Reformed church during the past week was good. A great deal of interest seems to be manifested in the services by the members of the church.

N. O. Naill will hold a public sale of fresh cows to-day (Thursday). Those in need of fine stock should attend this sale, as Mr. Naill always brings good stock.

The Shunk Hall Literary Society held a very interesting meeting last Friday afternoon. The following officers were elected to serve four weeks: President, Benj. W. Weikel; V. P., J. W. Essig; Sec., Chester K. Willard; Treas., Howard B. Wagner; Critic, E. L. Markley. The question for debate at next meeting is—Resolved, That the loss by water is greater than that by fire. The next meeting of the Society will be held Friday evening a week.

The Chestnut Hall Literary Society was held in the Chestnut Hall school house on Saturday evening last. The program rendered was a good one. It was decided to have a debate at next meeting, and the following question was proposed and adopted: Resolved, That we gain more information from reading than from traveling. The following officers were elected to serve for eight weeks. Pres., C. W. Fryer; V. P., Reuben Haldeman; Sec'y, L. Stella Custer; Critic, John L. Markley; Treas., Sylvester Zollers; Editors, Louisa C. Kline. The Society then adjourned to meet two weeks hence, Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

Jacob S. Johnson is about to open a general provision store at the store stand formerly occupied by H. T. Royer. Success to the young man.

A large sleighing party, most of whom were from Perkiomen Junction and Oaks Station and vicinity gave John L. Markley a complete surprise on Friday evening last. They came in a large sled, drawn by four handsome bays, and several smaller sleighs. After enjoying themselves for several hours and doing justice to a sumptuous repast they departed for their homes well pleased with their evening's enjoyment. DEANS.

The series of war articles now running in the Philadelphia Weekly Press, descriptive of the operation of Pennsylvania troops in the late war, are attracting wide attention. The issue of January 27th, will contain an article from the pen of Col. Theodore W. Bean, entitled "The 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign" and illustrated with pictures of Col. Buford, Kellogg, Durland, Anderson, Bean and Thompson. Many of the men composing this regiment went from this county, and them and their friends this article will be of special interest.

Mrs. Mary Jane Larcombe of Lower Providence, has been declared a lunatic by a commission consisting of H. U. Brunner, Esq., Dr. J. K. Weaver and Nathaniel Jacoby. Mrs. Larcombe was removed to the Insane Hospital last week. The unfortunate lady, who is a wife of a farm laborer, became demented on the eighth inst., in the opinion of her attending physician from anxiety about her child, which she feared would die. She is very violent and requires the constant presence of attendants to keep her from injuring herself.

Functional torpor of the liver induces many skin diseases. Remedy—Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills.

A discriminating public decide whether a remedy is good or bad. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup has stood this test, and is pronounced to be without a peer.

Days veterinary preparations are the best in use. Always keep a package of Day's Horse Powder.

The Forsaken Farmhouse.

Against the wooded hills it stands,
Ghost of a dead home, starting through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old-time harvests grew.
Unplowed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,
The poor forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.
Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot and flower keeps;
Through weeds and tangle only left
The snake, its tenant, creeps.
A lilac spray, once blossom clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms;
Beside a roofless porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.
His track, in mold of dust and drouth,
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimneys mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on husking eves;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thrasher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
Some haunting Presence makes its sign;
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine!

J. G. Whittier, in the Atlantic.

Limerick Square Notes.

Sleighing parties are in season, and our young folks are getting up quite a number of them.

Rev. F. Smith is holding revival services in the Evangelical church, with marked success; three persons have presented themselves at the altar.

Wm. H. Marsteller, Limerick's enterprising farmer has erected a stationary engine for the purpose of doing his own feed chopping. He has put in two hoppers, and says he can guarantee it would pay any farmer to be his own miller. He also uses steam power for threshing.

Mr. B. Tyson is rushed with work at the Limerick Mills. Mr. T., says this is the busiest season he has had since he has been in the business; and we believe it, as we hear his engine running as late as twelve o'clock at night.

The family of Mr. S. Y. Eisenberg is sorely afflicted at the present time, a son, his wife, and a daughter being confined to their rooms. Mrs. E. and son are improving, but the daughter is now in the last stages of consumption, in connection with hip disease of a year's standing. Mr. Eisenberg has the sympathy of the community in his afflictions as have the sufferers.

The third grand soiree given by the Limerick Square Cornet Band, took place on the evening of the 22d inst., and was a great success. The Crooked Hill Orchestra furnished music and twenty six couple "tripped the fantastic" until the "wee sma' hours." All were well pleased with the L. S. C. B.'s third.

The ice crop is very near all harvested in this section, and fine ice it is. The harvesting passed off more quietly than common, being almost void of mishaps. If our supervisor and tonsorialist had not taken that bath in Jake's pond last week, and "Schweitzerhook" had kept his dog at home, the list would have been blank. US & CO.

[We will be much pleased to receive frequent contributions from "Us & Co."—Ed. Ind.]

REVIVAL SERVICES.

The revival services conducted at St. Luke's Reformed Church, Trappe, last week, will be continued during the present week. Rev. J. I. Good, of Philadelphia, who has assisted the pastor, Rev. H. T. Spangler, since Thursday evening will remain until the close of the special service. On Sunday evening a large audience filled the church and considerable interest was taken in the exercises. In addition to the excellent music furnished by the choir under the able leadership of H. W. Kratz Esq., Rev. Mr. Good favored the congregation with two most admirable vocal efforts, one as a prelude to, and the other after, his sermon. His remarks were based on the parable of Lazarus and the rich man—Lazarus in hell. The speaker adhered with marked candor to the text and labored to impress his hearers with the points contained in the parable bearing upon the actual existence of heaven and hell. Whilst the gentleman graphically described hell (sheol) and its torments he rather slighted, we thought at the time, the glories of heaven. However, some evening this week he may even up both sides of the question by more fully describing heaven. Mr. Good believes, and he appears to be in earnest, that hell is a place of remorse where the memory of sin and wickedness forever confronts and agonizes the spirit of the unrepentant sinner. His word pictures were rather acutely drawn and his discourse produced a visible effect on a number of persons—particularly those of a nervous temperament. He put the questions straight and it remained for those present to answer them—in their minds. Mr. Good made a decided impression. We appreciated his singing very much, and as one of the large audience we most warmly assure him of our appreciation of his vocal efforts, and his sermon which was a large slice of old-time preaching—the kind that we used to hear when a small boy, although the word fire, in describing hell was more popular than that it appears to be now. Anything that awakens the memories of other days and other years, and recalls the incidents of boyhood we estimate at its worth, to us—we can't help it.

"Lay thy sweet hands in mine," he said, but she only remarked that she had neuralgia and must hold her head. He gave her Salvation Oil and now he holds her sweet hands by the hour.

From almost every section of the State reports of a general improvement of the health of our people due no doubt to the influence of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup which costs only 25 cts.

A Perfect Surprise.

On Thursday evening last, Miss Mary A. Fry, one of the estimable citizens of Evansburg, was tendered a grand surprise, about 8 o'clock, by her neighbors and relatives and friends from a distance. One of the party went in advance of the rest and entertained Miss Fry while the forces were gathering at the residence of F. G. Kraft. All at once Gabriel sounded a trumpet blast, and about fifty persons stormed the house. Miss Fry was completely surprised, remarking as the party was filing in: "Aren't they pretty near all—who got this up?" &c. The tables were soon in line, well spread and laden with the good things of earth, and all sat down and enjoyed the repast. The remainder of the evening was spent in pleasant converse. The affair was an entire success. SAM.

John O. Clemens, one of the most efficient Poor Directors this county has ever had, has submitted a statement of the amount of money paid out for outdoor relief in the upper district of the county from December 1st 1884 to December 1st 1885. Indigent persons residing in the following districts received the aggregate amounts stated: Limerick, \$129; Frederick, \$96; Marlborough, \$212; Pottstown, \$233; Pottsgrove, \$153; New Hanover, \$106; Upper Hanover, \$24; Douglass, \$30; Greenlane, \$24; Upper Salford, \$42; Franconia, \$36. The whole amount paid for outdoor relief in the upper district during the year 1885 was \$1,185.00.

PUBLIC SALE OF KENTUCKY HORSES!

Will be sold at Public Sale on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1886, at Gross' Hotel, Collegeville, 20 HEAD OF HORSES. Direct from the Blue Grass Region, Kentucky, where the undersigned has exercised careful judgment in selecting a lot of very superior driving, and general purpose, horses. These horses are from 4 to 6 years old, and show excellent build, splendid style, grit and bottom. Among the lot are a number of extra steppers and one or two good matches. Be sure to attend this sale—farmers, horsemen, or anybody having a desire to buy a good horse. The horses can be seen at the stables of the Collegeville Hotel, three days prior to the day of sale, and everybody is invited to come and see and handle them. Sale at 2 o'clock, sharp. Conditions by M. P. ANDERSON.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS!

Will be sold at Public Sale, on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, '86, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, 20 Head of Fresh Cows with calves, direct from York county. Good judgment was exercised in the selection of this stock, and it will be to the interest of purchasers to attend sale. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock. Conditions by H. H. ALLEBAUGH, J. G. Fetterolf, auct.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS!

Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, '86, at Smoyer's Hotel, Trappe, 20 Head of Fresh Cows, from Lancaster County. They are a very fine lot of cows to select from and farmers and dairymen are respectfully invited to attend this sale, as I have the stock to give satisfaction and will sell them without reserve. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by NELSON O. NAILLE, J. Casselberger, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF APPLES.

Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, at Gross' Hotel, Collegeville, 60 Barrels of apples—choice varieties. This will be the last opportunity of the season for purchasing apples by the barrel, so don't miss this sale. Sale at 1½ o'clock. Conditions by L. H. INGRAM, auct. W. H. ROGERS.

FOR RENT!

One mile from Phoenixville, a good seven room house and stable, with three acres of land; all planted with fruit trees. For further particulars call on, or address MRS. S. B. DETWILER, Jan. 28th. Phoenixville, Pa.

FOR RENT!

A house, near Trappe, having two large rooms on first floor and three rooms on second floor. For further particulars inquire of DAVID TYSON, Jan. 28th.

FOR RENT!

A good seven room house, now occupied by Prof. VanHaagen, will be for rent after the 1st of February, on reasonable terms. Call on or address J. SHELLEY WEINBERGER, Jan. 7th. Collegeville, Pa.

FOR SALE!

A lot of FINE SHOATS, weighing from 40 to 90 pounds. Apply to A. G. GOTWALS, Yorkes Station, Pa. aug. 27, 8m.

FOR SALE!

One Horse; Alderney Heifer; jig saw, circular saw and boring machine combined—with every wheel—price \$20. Mordis machine, latest style, \$15. Furniture Wagon with shaft and pole, \$15. Falling-top carriage, shifting top, nearly new, \$40. Two-seated express sleigh, used one winter, \$25. Cabinet maker's Work Bench \$5. Apply to G. D. DETWILER, Grater's Ford, Montgomery County, Pa.

W. M. S. ESSICK, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE!

MAIN STREET, ROYERSFORD, PA.

Broker in Insurance and Real Estate. Money wanted for loans on first mortgage. Brief of title furnished in all cases. Correspondence solicited. Jan. 28th.

-NEW STORE- -IN- TRAPPE!

Having opened the "Lower Store" I am prepared to supply the neighborhood with a select line of

FRESH GROCERIES,

-AT A- SMALL PROFIT.

Best Syrups 10 and 13 cents a quart. Choice Teas, Coffees, Spices, &c. Good Headlight Oil, Canned Goods, Cheese.

CIGARS and TOBACCO! Forks, Shovels, Brooms, Brushes, &c., &c. Give me a trial.

J. S. JOHNSON, Jan. 28th. TRAPPE, PA.

PUBLIC SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY!

Will be sold at Public Sale on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1886, on the premises of the subscriber in Ironsboro, Montgomery county, Pa., the following Personal Property: ONE HORSE, coming 10 years old; quiet, gentle, works single or double, sound and all right. Three spring Market Wagon with pole and shafts—good as new. Family carriage—jump-seat—used very little and as good as new. Falling-top carriage; Sulkey, good as new; express wagon as good as new; 2 excess horses, one new Albany Cutler. Cutting bench, two new Ohio Star plows with latest improvements. Harness, single and double: one new set nickel mounted harness; collars, halters, blind halters, single and double lines, &c. Feed chest, good as new, small cylinder stove; solid walnut trundle bed, and a lot of articles not enumerated. Also about 50 bushels of cooking potatoes. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. INGRAM, auct. JACOB WEAN.

PUBLIC SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY!

Will be sold at Public Sale on TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1886, on the premises of the subscriber in Upper Providence township, ¼ mile from Yerkes Station, Perkiomen R. R., the following PERSONAL PROPERTY: ONE HORSE, quiet and gentle, works anywhere. 3 COWS, one with calf by her side, and two Springers. Fat Horse 2 Fine Shoats—good stock. Lot wagon, in good order; Jenny Lind carriage, good horse rake, one horse hay ladders, grain fan, cutting box, 2 plows, one horse drag harrow, low harrow; set of good stage harness for lot wagon, two sets of carriage harness—one as good as new, collars, blind and head halters, harness, grinders, shafts, &c. Also 2 tons of timothy hay by the hundred; Rye straw by the hundred; 400 bundles of corn fodder; 50 bushels of rye; 25 bushels of oats. Corn by the bushel in the ear; grain cracker, seythe and sheath; hen manure by the barrel, wood ashes by the barrel. Dairy fixtures, churn and horse buckets, pots, bench table, &c. Parlor stove, and numerous articles not mentioned. Also about 3 acres of Rye in the ground. A full bred Beagle Pup eight months old. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock. Conditions made known by L. H. INGRAM, auct. DAVID CULP.

TWO DAYS' PUBLIC SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY!

The subscriber intending to relinquish farming will sell at Public Sale at his residence near Collegeville, on the premises formerly owned by Joseph Abram, grinders, shafts, &c. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, and 12, 1886, the following Personal Property: FOUR HORSES! No. 1, a black horse, 7 years old, 17 hands high, weighs about 1600 pounds—works anywhere. No. 2, roan mare (Norman) 6 years old, 16 hands high, good on tread power. No. 3, sorrel mare, 16 hands high, can trot in three minutes; No. 4, Norman Stallion, 2 years old, 16 hands high. These horses are all guaranteed sound and gentle. TWENTY Head of COWS, some with calves by their sides, springers and others. 12 SHOATS. 30 tons of timothy and mixed hay. 17 acres of wheat and 2½ acres of rye in the ground. 15 tons of wheat and rye straw; 4000 sheaves of Corn fodder, 300 bushels of Oats, 1200 bushels of Corn, 15 bushels of potatoes. FARMING IMPLEMENTS, consisting of one Broad wheel Wagon, 3½ inch tread; Farm Wagon (patent spindles); new cart—4 inch tread; three spring Market Wagon with pole and shafts; falling top buggy; express sleigh; wagon bed (new); two sets hay ladders, 10 and 18 ft. long; horse rake, Champion mower, Osborne Reaper, new. New Roller, new Double Corn Sheller, 2 new drag and two hoe harrows, Hench Cultivator, 3 plows—Ward and Wallace; Thresher, Telegraph Feed Cutter, large size; Lancaster saw, 2 flails, hay rope—120 ft. 2 milks; forks, shovels, rakes, hoes, grubbing hoe, pick, 3 post spades, 2 axes, 2 hatchets, brace and bit, new cross-cut, buck, hand, and meat saws. 6 sets (complete) heavy harness, new; 1 set new harness, never used; 1 set carriage harness, 1 set cart harness; 2 single, 2 double, 3 plover and 1 check lines; 4 sets fly straps, 2 pulleys; 2 pair breast, 30 cow, timber and other chains; collars, blind and head halters, 3 mixing troughs, large feed chest, new wheelbarrow, grinders; 5 seytches and meathes, 5 grain cradles, 3 and 4 horse spreaders and double trees; 2 and 3 bushel baskets; other smaller barrels, 50 grain bags, 10 cords of seasoned wood. Horse and Cattle Goods: Eclipse Cook Stove, No. 8; new Early Dawn Double Heater; 1 extension and two other tables, walnut writing desk, corner cupboard, lounge, sewing machine, Complete Ash Chamber Suit; parlor Furniture consisting of walnut hair sofa, rocker and other chairs, marble top stand, mirror; 3 bedsteads and bedding; 125 yards of rag and lignum carpet, new. Towels: 1 milk cans, milk strainer, and other buckets, 25 milk pans new; 7 new lard cans, Enterprise sausage cutter and stuffer, benches, wash tubs, buckets; frying, skillet and other pans, iron kettle, wash and cooking boilers, wringer, 100 fruit jars; dishes and glassware of all kinds and in great quantity; 3 barrels of vinegar, empty barrels, meat and others; and a hundred articles not herein enumerated. All the live stock will be sold the first day. The subscriber intends to quit keeping house as well as relinquish farming and everything will positively be sold. Terms: 9 months credit on all sums exceeding \$20. Sale to commence each day at 1

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA.
Office Hours:—8 to 10, a. m. 2 to 4, p. m. 7 to 9 p. m.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Office Hours:—Till 9 a. m. 12 to 2 p. m. After 6 p. m.
Special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.

DR. B. F. PLACE,
DENTIST!
36 E. Airy Street, (opposite Veranda House) NORRISTOWN. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Mondays and Tuesdays.
Prices greatly reduced. Full sets from \$5 to \$10.

F. G. HOBSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Cor. MAIN and SWEDE Streets, Norristown, Pa. Can be seen every evening at his residence in Freeland.

H. M. BROWNBACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
Jun. 25-1 yr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,
Justice of the Peace
CONVEYANCER and General Business agent. Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.
COLLEGEVILLE Pa.
Regular office days—Monday and Thursday of each week; also every evening.

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY.
(1/2 mile north of Trappe.)
Surveyor and Conveyancer
Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
Nov. 8-6m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater!
RAHN'S STATION Pa.
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

LEWIS WISMER,
Practical Slater!
Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of grey stone flagging.

EDWARD DAVID,
PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE PA.
Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

SAMUEL P. SHANTZ,
Carpenter and Builder.
RAHN STATION, PA.
Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work. No pains spared to give satisfaction.

J. G. T. MILLER,
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
TRAPPE PA.
Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly.

J. W. GOTWALS,
PAINTER.
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Estimates furnished and Contracts taken.
apr-16-17

N. P. SNYDER,
HARNESS MANUFACTURER
GRATER'S FORD, PA.
Harness, of the best material made to order at short notice. Complete stock of all kinds of horse goods always on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
June 25-1 yr.

ELMER E. CONWAY,
BOOT and SHOEMAKER!
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Good workmanship and good fit guaranteed. Stitched work a specialty. Repairing done neatly and promptly.
may 7-1 yr.

SUNDAY PAPERS.
The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.

HENRY YOST,
Collegeville.
JOSEPH STONE,
CARPET WEAVER
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL,
(Formerly Beard House.)
Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

I. P. RHOADES,
TRAPPE, PA. DEALER IN
BEEF, MUTTON and VEAL,
Vegetables and Fruit in season.
aug. 30. Orders thankfully received.

Agriculture and Science.

AN AGRICULTURAL ALPHABET.

A cow, fat the beginning of winter will not eat near as much and come out in spring in just as good condition as a poor cow fed high through the winter.

Be careful of the comfort of your stock and it will put money in your pocket.

Consider well through the winter how to conduct your farm operations next year.

Don't let your poultry roost in trees through the winter. If you can't have a wooden house, fix that big stack of cornstalks into one. It is better than nothing.

Eggs bring a good price now and later: receipt for production—warm clean house, water slightly warmed, warm food for breakfast.

Fix up the horse stable; close all cracks, then don't blanket your horses in the coldest weather unless they are heated from a fast drive.

Get the new seed catalogues and look over the novelties, but don't believe everything they say. Oh, my no!

Have lots of books and papers to read through the winter and don't forget to renew your subscription to the Farmer.

It is a very good plan to bring your bridles in the house after using them in cold weather. Then when you want to go sleigh riding in cold weather you won't have the pleasure of freezing your horses' tongues.

Just make it a practice in very cold weather to mix the horse's food in the morning with water very slightly warmed.

Kill the hogs before the new year gets around, whether the moon is right or not.

Look well to the sheep and have sheds for them to get out of the storms, and don't try to raise early lambs unless you can have a warm place for the ewes in the barn basement or somewhere.

Make all improvements on the farm this winter—in your mind—and then when spring comes you can make them without delay with your hands.

Nuts are fine for eating during the long winter evenings. Have a full supply.

Oats and rye are not very good food for poultry. Save them for your horses and feed corn, buckwheat, wheat or barley; these are all good. Give a variety.

Put your chicken-coops, if you have any, and if you haven't you'd better make some sort of a cover, and they will last twice as long.

Quantities of hay and corn fodder are wasted by the careless farm hands in feeding the stock. Keep an eye on the feeding and see that it is done correctly.

Remove all the old manure, if you have not done so before this, or it will lose in value by freezing. Perhaps it is too late already.

Start a farmer's club in your neighborhood and be president of it, if no one else will accept.

Turn as much of your grain into meat as possible, and thus increase your manure pile. It is more profitable than selling the grain.

Use your horse every second day, at least, even if it isn't for anything except going to the postoffice.

Vendues are pretty thick just about this time. Attend them if you want anything, but remember that anything not needed is dear at any price. Don't buy because a thing is cheap.

Water the stock regularly every day. Some says it pays to warm the drinking water of the cows. Try it if you can.

Xcellent advice has been given above but it won't profit you much if you let it "go in one ear and out of the other."
—Orange County Farmer.

RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS.

Among the results reported by the horticulturalist of the New York experiment station at Geneva, N. Y., are the following:

Salt used as a fertilizer for beets at the rate of one ton per acre only gave an increased yield of three per cent over those grown without salt.

Of 25 varieties of carrots grown the following varieties in the order named viz.: The Guerande, large yellow Belgian, Guerande half long stump rooted large pale red Flandons, large short Vosges, and long Lemon.

In radishes the early scarlet turnip, early white small turnip, and garnet turnip were the earliest, being ready for the table in 37 days from sowing the seed. Pinching back the runners on melons produced no appreciable effect when compared with adjoining rows left untouched.

Out of nineteen varieties of squashes grown, the following are recommended, viz.: for summer Early Bush; for fall and winter use American Turban, Boston Marrow, Hubbard and Perfect Gem.

In bleaching celery three inch drain tile placed over the plant in September

proved perfectly satisfactory. Wrapping in paper or straw caused the stems to rot.

Tomato plants, from seed grown in a hot bed on the 28th of March, only gave ripe fruit two days earlier than plants from seed sown in the open ground, April 24.

Potatoes selected the previous fall for seed from the most productive and least productive hills and planted, give sixteen per cent more of large tubers from the first than from the second, while the amount of small tubers was but slightly in excess. The conclusion reached is that the seed should be selected at digging time from the most productive hills. Hill manuring only benefits plants in the early stages of their growth, for the feeding roots soon reach beyond the influence of manure so placed. Lime dust over potatoes so as to whiten them with a view of testing its efficacy in checking rot had no appreciable effect.

In experiments with insecticides a strong decoction of tobacco was found efficient for the turnip Flea Beetle if applied every two days. The kerosene emulsion was also found efficient if often repeated, but the repeated application injured the plants. Pyrethrum was found the only efficient remedy for the cabbage worm. The squash vine borer was kept away by placing cobs dipped in coal tar in the hills. The kerosene emulsion proved the best remedy for cabbage lice. Pyrethrum proved of no use when applied to the Colorado beetle.

Moderate irrigation applied to strawberries greatly increased the yield, but an excess was injurious.

COMPARATIVE MERIT.

It will not do for the partisans of any particular breed of dairy cattle to claim everything for their favorites. Generally they do not proceed far in this direction before they run on to a snag in the shape of some performance by a rival breed that takes the wind out of their pretensions. Considerable discussion has been going on in the columns of the Dairyman relative to the merits of the Holstein. A great many people believe she gives the poorest milk of any cow on earth. In some individual instances we have no doubt she does, but that is also true of all breeds.

At the late convention of the Illinois Holstein Breeders' Association, Dr. Teft, of Elgin, who has owned Holstein-Friesians for ten or a dozen years, said he had analysed the milk, and in 100 parts found the following constituents: water, 87.5; fats, 4.5; casein, 3.5; sugar, 4; ash, 5. The analysis of fats was very large, and somewhat of a surprise to those who thought there was nothing but milk from a Holstein; the analysis showed the milk to be above the standard adopted by the Illinois State dairymen, and which is accepted as the quality of pure milk in all parts of the Union. The Doctor said he once attended a farmers' institute where the relative merits of the Jerseys and Holsteins Friesians were discussed, the Jersey men claiming their cows to pay more than any other breed. The doctor inquired what the gross receipts of the Jersey cow amounted to, and was informed that it was seventy-five dollars per head. He owned the celebrated Zwaan, an imported Holstein-Friesian cow, and in 316 days sold the milk for \$150. He asked what it cost to feed a Jersey, and it was estimated that \$25 a year would be a fair allowance for feed; he allowed \$50 for feeding his Holstein-Friesian, which then netted him \$100, as against \$50 for the Jersey. His statement was rather convincing and the Jersey men acknowledged it.

-SKIPPACK-

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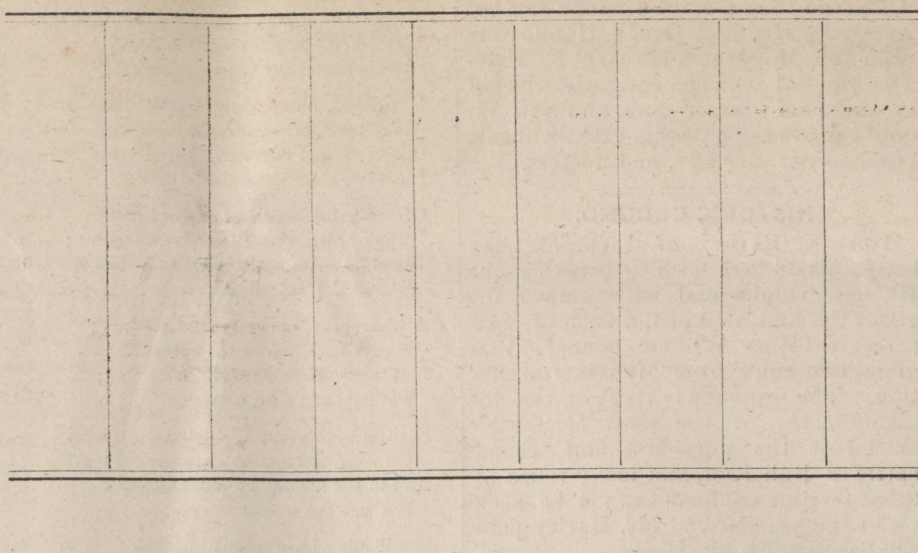


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M. O. Roberts' extensive advertisement has been discontinued. His individuality as founder and proprietor of the Machine Works having been merged into the Roberts Machine Company, the old adv. if continued would be out of place, time and tune. There is a new advertisement, containing interesting information from the new Company on the way, but it has not reached its destination. In the meantime we will utilize the space by making a brief announcement on our own account, and will begin with the remark that our facilities for executing every description of

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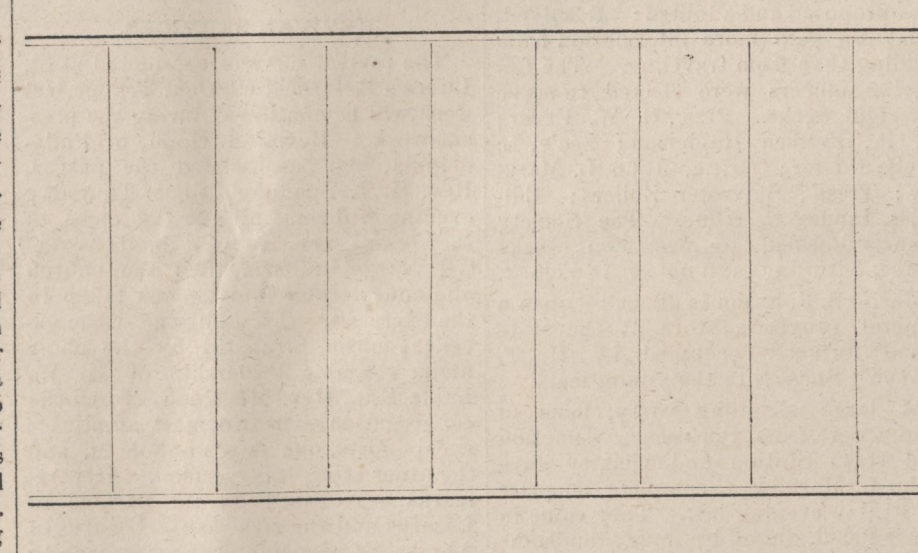
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